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*THE GYPSY GIRL*  
*By William Adolphe Bouguereau*

—Courtesy Thurber Art Galleries



HALT IN THE DESERT  
By Schreyer

—Courtesy Thurber Art Galleries

## Exhibitions at Chicago Galleries

By THE EDITOR

THE Thurber Galleries signalized their reorganization with an event of the greatest importance in their history. Robert Doran, Harry L. Engle and H. Dalzelle Hatfield, who now compose the partnership of owners and incorporators, have all been connected with the business for some time, the first two, in fact, from the very beginning. Their assumption of the exclusive management of the concern was therefore an appropriate occasion for the hanging of an exhibition of masterpieces such as few galleries in the west have ever been able to rival.

This is not an exhibition notable for great names only, but for great pictures, master strokes of masters at their best. There are, in this collection, one of the most important Corots on the market to-day, a Bouguereau of the most surpassing beauty, a rare example of Diaz, an early Dupre, a Schreyer of the picturesque Ara-

bian period, a splendid Wyant, a gem of Moran's best workmanship and two Albert P. Ryders of the kind on which his claims to pre-eminence are based.

The Corot is his famous "Ruins of the Chateau de Pierrefonds" and is notable among all his canvases for the importance given to an architectural subject. It is more definite and less emotional in its appeal than the average Corot though pervaded by the same spirit of detachment and enchantment. A thing of dreams it is, nevertheless, representative and, in a degree, narrative. The old castle dreaming in the afternoon sun is presented with the remote feeling of a tale of other days, the romantic charm innate in Corot's style being well in accord with the character of the subject. This Chateau is situated on the bank of the Oise, a fact to which current events lend vital interest. It overlooks the village of whose destiny its lords were the



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT  
By Albert P. Ryder

—Courtesy Thurber Art Galleries

arbiters in times past and one catches a glimpse of clustered roofs in the valley beyond.

This picture has a rather peculiar history for it occupied the master five years in its original development, being painted between 1840-1845. His first inspiration involved a landscape with a stream in the foreground, but this he, for some reason, abandoned and completed the picture with a field in the foreground instead. Some twenty-two years later Corot repainted the picture for entry at the Universal Exhibition of the year 1867. At that time, after years of thought and study as a painter, he returned to his original impression and recast the scene with a lovely placid river

in the foreground at whose edge is a punt with two figures giving a touch of human interest which the theme seems to demand for its fulfillment. This canvas, as it now stands, is a most finished and consistent work, possessing every possible element of artistic completeness. It has all of the wrapt and serene spirit of the typical Corot, his masterly achievement of a luminous quality, silvery yet bright, his soft feathery inspirational trees that have the murmur of heaven's breeze in their branches, all this with gentle, tender tone and lovely touches of color, a sky of subtle beauty, blue and distant with flecks of feathery clouds, and a general pictorial interest of more than usual decision. This

picture has ever ranked as one of the most important Corots in America and has been owned by one family since its importation from France many years ago. Its history is clear and well established and it has been illustrated in the famous *L'œuvre de Corot* par Alfred Robaut, printed in Paris in 1905.

The Diaz is a picture of much the same size and importance and is one of the first works of this artist ever brought to America. It is painted in subtle greens with a marvelous play of sunlight. Nymph-like figures in the woodland solitudes lend the enchantment of fancy's realm and offer opportunity for touches of interesting color. Diaz is perhaps less generally known in

this country than are other painters of his school. He is, however, a favorite with collectors. He was an intensive rather than a prolific painter and completed but few canvases during his entire career. He also enjoyed the distinction of recognition in his own lifetime, his work being very much in demand with connoisseurs of his own day and country. For that reason few of his pictures have ever found their way to the American market but those few are highly prized treasures in collections of distinction. This picture is as fine an example of the Barbizon school and its poetic interpretation of the Forest of Fontainebleau as anything that has come to America since the World's Fair.



LANDSCAPE  
By A. H. Wyant

—Courtesy Thurber Art Galleries



RUINS OF THE CHATEAU DE PIERREFONDS  
By J. B. C. Corot

—Courtesy Thurber Art Galleries

The Jules Dupre is a smaller canvas whose main charm is to be found in its magnificently spacious dome of cloud hung sky and in the quaintly old-fashioned minuteness of the treatment of the earth beneath. Dupre is an acknowledged master of the realm of air, depicting always skies that are in themselves sufficient excuse for a picture. This, being an early work, is more of the old school than are his later canvases. It reminds one not a little of Yorkshire school pictures and its brown shadows tell the tale of landscape painting in its first phase. Its colors are rich and beautiful and the little touches of animal life, the chickens on the right half of the picture, the goats on the left, are placed with fine calculation as to the effectiveness of spots of light. He has neglected no element of interest for the fancy of the beholder to dwell upon, the old thatched cottage with barn adjoining, the fowls in the

yard, the quaintly garbed peasants under the spreading tree, on the left bank of the lovely river that divides the picture the little group of figures; the two white goats, the distant village with church spire on the right, are all things which catch the eye and chain the roving attention at every point. There is a certain naivete about the loving care bestowed upon these details which recalls the delight of childhood in searching out these things in a picture. Belonging to the romantic school of landscape this picture is consistently narrative and bright with happy incident. The minuteness of it is reminiscent of the fact that Dupre was educated as a decorator of pottery and porcelain. One could therefore expect his earlier works to show this love for the miniature exquisitely rendered. The sky affords him scope for breadth of feeling and his shadows, despite their brown tone, are still luminous. Thus we see the



artist rising above the craftsmen, even bending and adapting his craftsmanship to the ends of truly great art.

The Wyant of this exhibition is also typical, silvery, calm, a bit pensive if not melancholy. It is of the man and the school, showing the seed of Barbizon influence blown across the ocean and taking root in a new soil to grow and bloom in a related but individual art. How like and how unlike may man and artist be for while a thread of the thought and feeling of the time unites the Barbizon and Hudson River Schools and all the men in each show a touch of relationship, still they retain their distinctive individualities. One does not mistake a Wyant for an Inness despite the resemblance in character between the works of these men. One could not, in fact, mistake this Wyant for the work of any other painter, so wonderful yet so subtle a thing is personality. It is the very essence of great art.

Of the Schreyer now to be seen at Thurber's everything can be said that has ever been spoken or written in praise of his picturesque Arabian themes for this is one of his best. Of all the Orientalists he best understood and most feelingly presented the spirit of the land and its wild roving people. He calls to all that is restive in one's blood and fancy, for the life that he portrays seems so absolutely that of beauty and romance. Yet it is a painted storybook tale in which one lives in imagination through all the charm of the thing forgetful of its discomforts. But what a story, how gracefully told, how richly colored. The white-robed sheik on his coal black steed, what a knight and monarch of the desert is he. The color bearer beside his chestnut steed with his red fez, gay costume and banner of lovely hues, the dappled grey horse beyond with the turquoise green saddle and trappings, how they all glow and sparkle in the pale gold of the late afternoon sun against their background of low, whitey-gold buildings, like so many

catashons of precious and semi-precious stones in some necklet of oriental workmanship. This picture was first exhibited in this country at the World's Fair where it attracted considerable attention. It has always been ranked since as one of the greatest Schreyers in America.

The unsurpassable character of the Bouguereau of this group is such as to cause one to regard it as the greatest of the Thurber acquisitions. Bouguereau is, at present, again upon the high tide of public favor, and rightly so, for in his field no man has yet approached and no one can ever surpass him. Whether or not one admires or approves of his style and methods his mastery of them cannot be denied or gainsaid, here indeed is almost, if not quite, the absolute. Of this picture especially is this true for herein is present a degree of character not always to be found in his subjects. This young girl has a personality beyond mere exterior beauty. She lives, thinks, feels, could even suffer. No one but Bouguereau could have done the shawl and the flesh in this picture. Here is absolute mastery of textures and their contrast one to the other. Other men who do dead materials so realistically would have failed to put the warm blood into the flesh and even perhaps have lost the volume of the young shoulders under the shawl. Not so Bouguereau—no amount of attention to detail can so divert his mind from relative values, so distort his perspective that detail shall dominate his picture. For a god-like realism he shall not be surpassed. If we quarrel with him it must be for his choice of what to paint, not for the completeness with which he has presented it. Many there be who hold that one should paint the soul, not the body of a sitter. Yet in the flesh we have no cognizance of souls save as we are made aware of their presence and peculiarities through the bodies which contain them.

Painting is a visual art, an appeal to the soul through the sense of sight. The eye

reports what it sees for the soul to interpret. It would, therefore seem that to tell one soul aught of another through the medium of a picture the more a man may present of what external appearances offer the eye in the more nearly their exact actual relation the better shall he have delivered his message. After all, whatever we know of the inner meaning of things we must learn from the outer appearance of things. Painting is a matter of presenting appearances and in this Bouguereau is supreme. That he cared little for anything but youth, health and beauty is a matter of point of view, and, after all, these things are not the least of the gifts of the gods. In this picture the blue and grey stripes of the shawl and the gay beautiful red of the head-dress together with the dull leafy greens of the full foliated tree behind the figure, form an admirable setting for the beauty of the soft young flesh. The hands are marvelously strong hands, working hands but not work-worn, sturdy hands that match a face in which we read the elemental strength of a clean peasant type as wholesome as the soil, as steadfast and as unconquerable as nature. A great connoisseur pronounced this the finest Bouguereau he had ever seen, and it is a masterpiece. Here his skill in painting flesh does not become monotonous, rather it is the thrilling climax to his achievements in delineating the varied textures that go to compose the balance of the picture, so that we appreciate, almost reverence, the flesh as the finest of all God's creations, the living tissue that has been chosen to enwrap and declare the soul.

The representation of Albert P. Ryder is also characteristic and of his best. Here indeed is a painter of the spirit, if such a thing could be, a master of mystery, shadow and suggestion. He has grasped the principle that in dealing with things unseen one may suggest much by revealing little. The little revealed must, of necessity, involve the large essentials and a nice sense of dis-

crimination as to what constitutes these is invaluable to the psychic painter. This Ryder possessed in marked degree together with a capacity for fathoming the subconscious mind and playing upon our obscure memories and almost forgotten impressions. He tells us only enough to start a reverie, enters into a partnership with his spectators wherein the real picture is painted in the depths of his own fancy.

Both of the pictures now at Thurber's came directly from the Ryder estate and one of them, the "Flight into Egypt," was included in the Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum last March of which Royal Cortissoz wrote:

"Things that are new are plentiful enough in the galleries, but of greater importance than any novelty is the loan exhibition of the works of the late Albert P. Ryder, which was opened at the Metropolitan Museum last month. It is good news that this memorial show, which was to have closed on the 15th, has been extended for a week, remaining on view up to and including the 21st. We have never had anything quite like it in New York, or, for that matter, anywhere in the United States, which is to say that we have never had an artist quite like Ryder to commemorate. To recall some of the men whose works have been thus exhibited—Whistler, Winslow, Homer, Sargent—is to recall some extraordinarily brilliant and important figures; but Ryder surpasses them in the peculiar quality of his genius. His art is of imagination all compact. The other painters we have cited belong in a world which every one knows. Ryder makes us free of a new and strange dominion, where beauty is revealed to us in aspects to which we alone had the golden key. No one who cares for really fine things should fail to see this exhibition."

As a contrast the Thurber show includes a Moran which while actually enough to be intelligible to any layman still is resplendent in a beauty which is none the less poetic.

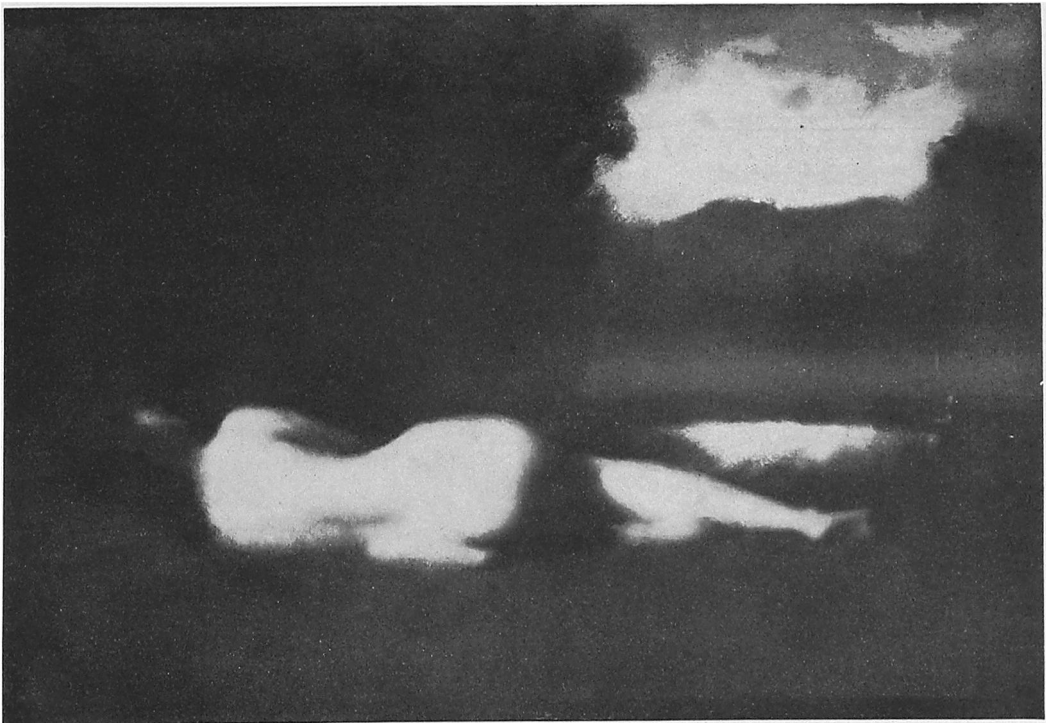


Moran is something of a Bouguereau of landscape at times, but now and again he sheds over the lovely form and jewel-like color of his scenes the luminosity of fairy land. Nature does this herself neatly enough at times, in the twilight and the dawn, in the blue distance and the mirage, and there is a consistent quality about the way Moran invokes his muse that still makes us feel his oneness with and allegiance to his only acknowledged inspiration—Nature.

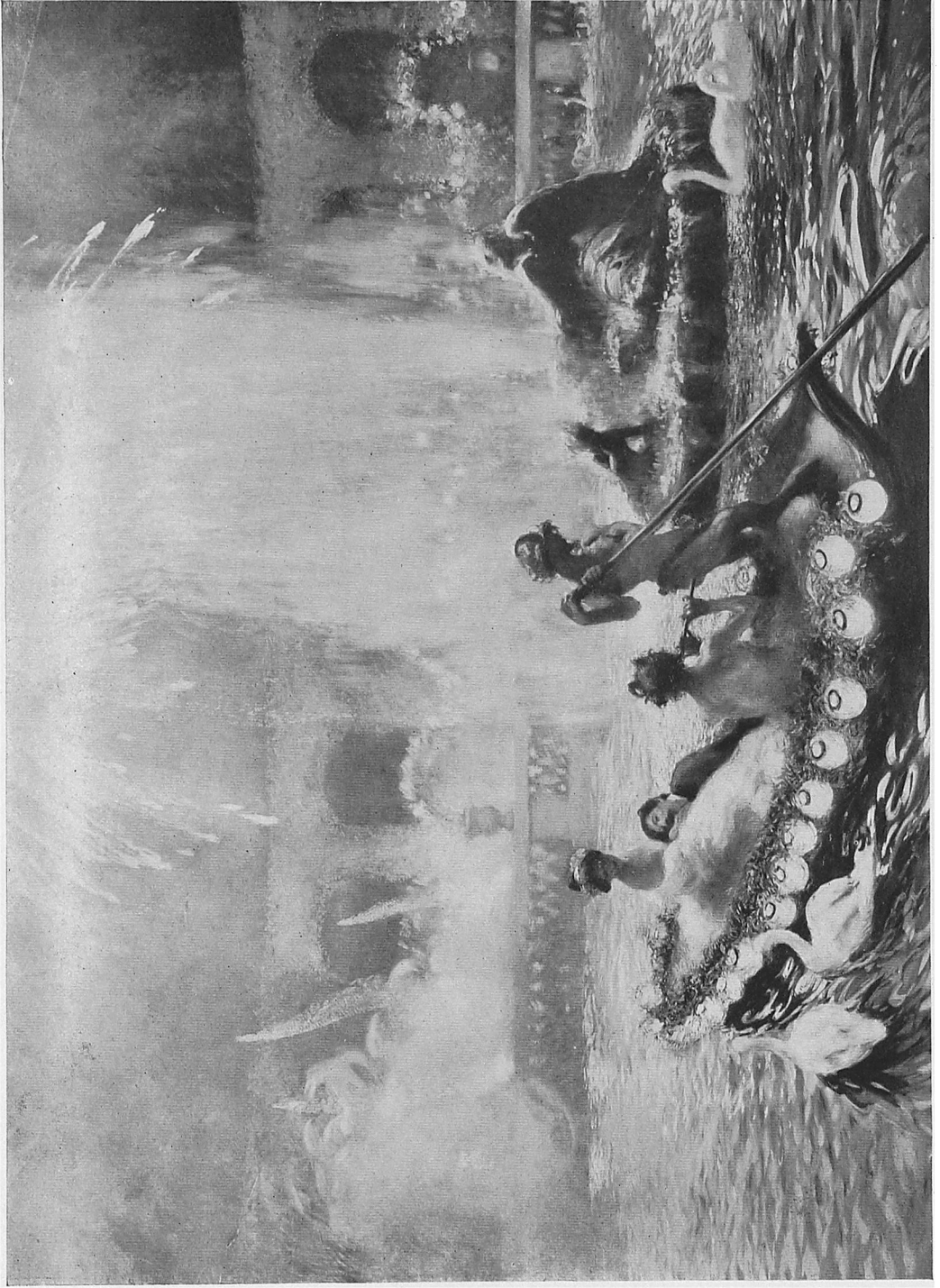
Dwight W. Tryon in "Moonrise-Autumn" sings delightfully in a minor key of Nature in her wistful moods of dying day

and year. His is a subtle art full of the witchery of the moon breaking through a grey sky over the faded fields and woods of brown October. The amount of seriousness and depth in the picture makes one forget that the canvas is small, great genius being always impressive even in the most limited dimensions.

A Charles Melville Dewey completes this distinguished assemblage of rare art treasures, his being a name well worthy of such company. Chicago connoisseurs are taking a keen interest in the exhibition and it is probable that its offerings will soon find places in private collections.



RECLINING NUDE  
By Jean Jacques Henner



FETE DE NUIT  
By Gaston LaTouche

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris